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Casablanca: A Talent for History-Making

Fort Clatsop Restoration Honors Lewis and Clark

Geneva, Convention City of the World

Wings on the Wind

Academies: West Point = Duty, Honor, Country

HUGE TENTS DRAW BERBERS TO UPLAND FESTIVAL—Burnoosed Moroccans Like These Have Joined Casablanca's Arabs in Violent Challenge to French Authority

25 © BELIN

fit its name, "White House." Its busy populace commutes to work by means of a top-notch transportation system. Many of the city's 548,000 Moors and Near Easterners live in functional, modern houses equipped with everything but running water. French builders provided water at first, but native women howled in protest because they no longer had an excuse to visit the local well and exchange gossip. Now the wells are back, one for each block, and the women are happy.

Despite evidences of friendship and mutual respect between France and its Protectorate of Morocco, serious violence has exploded recently and unrest has smoldered for years.

France took over its "protector" role in 1912 in a rich land a little smaller than California. The climate, too, is like California's except for the blistering hot desert wind, *shergi*, that drives every living thing to cover. Morocco sweeps inland from the Atlantic Ocean in a plateau that breaks against the towering backbone of the Atlas Mountains—highest point 13,671 feet. Eastward, beyond the peaks, begins the mighty Sahara. Farmers raise cereal grains and livestock on rolling fields many of which the French have irrigated. Mines, developed by French money, tap valuable deposits of phosphate of lime and a few other minerals. A network of railroads and highways, French built, links the principal centers. French colonists have settled in Morocco—there are 135,000 Europeans in Casablanca alone—and consider it their home.

But proud Arabs and Berbers nurse a spark of nationalism that burns ever brighter as the country prospers. And as produce from mines and fields funnels into Casablanca, so do native tensions. Behind its façade of factories, harbor facilities, movie theaters, radios, and the world's largest municipal swimming pool, Casablanca seethes with conflict.

American B-47's, spinning white vapor trails high above the skyscrapers, indicate the importance of the city and its country to the Western world. And fingerlike minarets pointing upward from among broad avenues are a constant reminder that Islam's eye is upon this nerve center for 8,000,000 Moslem Moroccans. Casablanca, so often marked by destiny, seems fated to play another role in history.

JEAN AND FRANC SHOR, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF

AFRICAN SKYSCRAPER—Casablanca's Growth Springs from Surge of Country Folk Seeking City Jobs. Unrest Is Intensified by French Manipulation of Native Rulers

FRANC SHOR, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF

MOROCCO'S COMMERCE FOCUSES HERE—French-Built Casablanca Harbor Efficiently Handles Four out of Every Five Dollars' Worth of the Protectorate's Imports and Exports

Casablanca: A Talent for History-Making

In the fall of 1942 a massive force of American and British troops struck the beaches of North Africa and, under their commander, Lieutenant General Dwight D. Eisenhower, pushed inland to trap Germany's mighty Afrika Korps. One of the points where Allied soldiers poured ashore was a relatively little-known Moroccan port: Casablanca.

Soon after the same city was chosen as the meeting place for President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill. Since then, as jet-bomber bases sprang up in French Morocco and, more recently, bloodshed has stained the country, the name Casablanca has a familiar ring to Americans.

Fifty years ago this bustling modern city with a talent for making history was a mud-flat fishing village perched on French Morocco's Atlantic coast. Cairo and Alexandria lead Africa's cities in size. But raw young Johannesburg and streamlined Casablanca, both with more than half a million people, are showing the world that a metropolis can shoot up as rapidly as a jungle plant on the "Dark Continent."

Far from being a remote port of call to be visited only by big-game hunters and archeologists, Casablanca lies little farther from New York than many leading European ports. It boasts gleaming skyscrapers which

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the sea. In early December the party moved a few miles up present-day Lewis and Clark River where Indians reported plentiful game.

Hunting parties tracked elk while comrades chopped and split "Streight butifull balsom pine" for the fort. Others went beachward to Tillamook Head, making salt from sea water. Bad weather plagued them. By winter's end Clark counted only 12 days without rain.

Life was bleak in Fort Clatsop's smoke-filled cabins. Men slept fitfully under wet blankets acrawl with fleas. They tired of constant meals of elk, often spoiled before hunters reached camp. Only occasional fish, roots, and berries from bartering Indians broke the monotony.

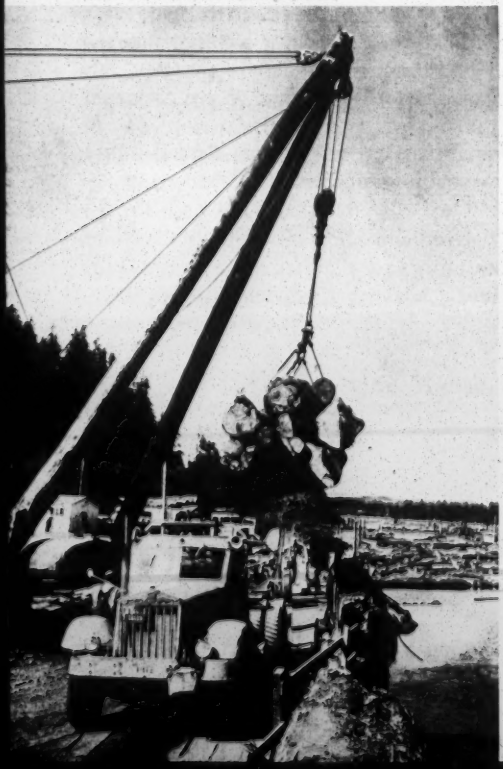
Christmas Day brought cheer to camp. Forgetting weariness, men shouted and sang, exchanged gifts, shared tobacco. But for dinner, Clark gloomily wrote, they ate "pore Elk, so much Spoiled that we eate it thro' mear necessity, Some Spoiled pounded fish and a few roots."

After almost four months of miserable winter life, the Corps of Discovery turned homeward to report to Thomas Jefferson. For it was the third President's vision of the United States as a transcontinental power that started Lewis and Clark westward. He had told them to explore the river route offering "the most direct . . . communication across this continent. . . ."

From St. Louis in 1804 they had boated up the Missouri River to Fort Mandan, their first winter quarters, on today's North Dakota bank. There Sacagawea, young Indian mother with two-month-old son, joined Lewis and Clark who had hired her French-Canadian husband as interpreter. Next April, they set out in six small canoes and two pirogues, advancing to the source of the Missouri. By horse they crossed the Continental Divide and struggled into Lolo wilderness.

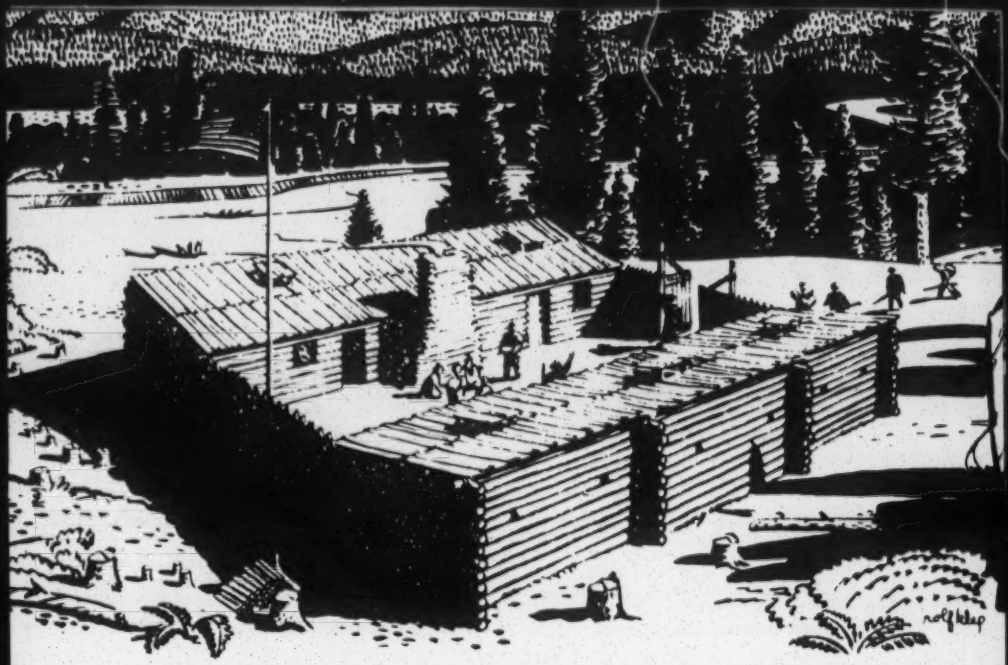
Making dugout canoes, they sped down swift Clearwater River in October. Past countless rapids, they skimmed into Snake River, last arm of their journey before reaching the Columbia and the "Great Western Ocian."

RALPH GRAY, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF



The Lewis and Clark country as it appears today comes alive in color and text in the June, 1953, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE *(75¢). The Society's 10-color Historical Map of the United States, showing the Lewis and Clark trail, is inserted in this issue. Map separately (50¢ on paper, $1 on fabric). Also available separately: 31 Lewis and Clark color pictures on flat sheets. Send for separate color sheet price list.*

AN EMPIRE OF LOGS—A Winch Swings a Truckload of Douglas Firs into Lewis and Clark River at Fort Clatsop's Site



Fort Clatsop Restoration Honors Lewis and Clark

Oregon, whose existence as a State was guaranteed by the history-making journey of Lewis and Clark 150 years ago, has acknowledged its debt to the redoubtable explorers by restoring Fort Clatsop. This wilderness outpost, erected in such misery by the exhausted pathfinders after a nearly two-year struggle across unexplored America, rose again this summer as Oregon groups carefully recreated the log structure on its evergreen-shrouded knoll near the mouth of the the Columbia River.

Now, on the sesquicentennial of events so fateful, visitors to the scene can more easily realize what their country owes to Lewis and Clark, first Americans to go overland to the Pacific. The realistic stockade recalls hardships under which the original fort was built. They can picture youthful Captain Meriwether Lewis sloshing in mud as he directed operations—drops of rain trickling down his face. Near by, Lieutenant William Clark, redheaded co-leader, would be cheerfully joshing the soaked men as they wrestled slippery logs into place.

For almost a month the two captains and their 29 men worked in showers or steady rain, pestered by mosquitoes. Nearly all suffered from colds or rheumatism. Ragged clothes, rotted by constant dampness in this strange new northwest territory, were replaced with hides. But seven cabins and a stockade 50 feet square gradually took shape. They named the post for friendly Clatsop Indians whose hunting grounds rimmed it.

Only a few weeks before, these "robust helthy hardy young men," as Clark referred to them in his journal, had paddled down the Columbia to the Pacific. Elated, Clark wrote: *"Ocian in view!* O! the joy."

Though the Pacific had beckoned them for 18 months, no one wanted winter quarters on the seacoast. "Salt water I view as an evil . . . it is not helthy," wrote Clark, who disliked the "repeeted roling thunder" of

tion to work reflects the Genevese love of precision. The city's character was shaped in varying molds: John Calvin, expounder of stern morality, enforced a theocratic society upon the community which became one of Europe's great Protestant centers. John Knox, the Scottish reformer, found sanctuary in Geneva. The city was the birthplace of writer Jean Jacques Rousseau. Four miles away Voltaire lived his last 20 years. Situated near by was the celebrated salon of French authoress Madame de Staël, where eminent scholars gathered in the late 1700's. Byron and Shelley spent the summer of 1816 in the city's outskirts.

Almost 150,000 Genevese cling to their traits of diligence and their tidy ways. But when noonday whistles sound, workers pour from stores and offices, climb on bicycles, and pedal home for a two-hour lunch—an unbreakable habit.

Geneva is a city of many products. Besides watches, it produces precision tools, electric fittings, sewing machines, gas and electric stoves, pencils, and perfumes. Most manufactures go to France and Italy.

Industrial capacity has been developed without marring the natural beauty of the countryside or the scenic delights of the city itself. Wide bridges, often crammed with bicycles, span the Rhône River which severs the city. On one side narrow, crooked streets mark the "old city." But even here broad avenues lead through the business district along the river front. Large hotels and a neat residential section make up Geneva's more modern *Quartier Saint-Gervais* on the Rhône's opposite bank.

Inviting promenades lined with well-trimmed trees border the water front. Pleasure craft ply the waters of always-blue Lake Geneva whose western shore stretches to the city with its name.

Brilliant gardens, squares, and parks dot the city. Long ago, beauty-loving Genevese replaced ancient city walls with boulevards. Visitors to the League of Nations grounds look southeastward to the Alps's loftiest summit, snow-capped, 15,781-foot Mont Blanc.

Geneva's setting goes deep into history. On a near-by hill, Julius Caesar established a town during Roman conquests. Today the ancient site overlooks the city of mostly French-speaking inhabitants who share in Geneva's charm, its aging streets and timeless landscape that blend with the flash of modern advertising signs. Radio antennas punctuate the skyline along with spires of medieval churches.

GENEVA CRAFTSMAN—One of 50,000 Workers in Switzerland's Watch Industry, He Combines Patience and Precision in the Famous Product

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER WILLARD R. CULVER

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Map—Western Europe (paper—50¢; fabric—$1)

Magazine—Aug., 1950, "Switzerland Guards the Roof of Europe," (75¢); April, 1941, "Swiss Cherish Their Ancient Liberties," ($1)

School Bulletins—April 12, 1954, "Geneva Resumes Role as Peace Forum," (10¢)

Geneva, Convention City of the World

In Geneva, the "world's convention city," every nation becomes a neighbor. Global antagonists meet like good-natured salesmen of rival companies in this Swiss center of grace and charm, creating a spot of warm humanity in the midst of cold-war extremes.

An international, peace-making role is not new to Geneva; the Red Cross was founded there 91 years ago. Then, in 1920, Geneva became headquarters of the League of Nations. A few years later came the Geneva Protocol on regulating international disputes. Representatives from countries the world over converged on Geneva for a disarmament conference from 1932 to 1934. A big parley began July 18 when President Eisenhower met Bulganin, Eden, and Faure "at the summit." Diplomats from the United States, Russia, Great Britain, and France plan to continue their talks. Meantime, Red China and United States representatives have met repeatedly and 1,200 delegates from 72 nations attended the "Atoms for Peace" parley.

So many international offices abound in this lake-shore, mountain-rimmed city that a list of them makes Geneva appear almost as a seat of world government. It is the home of the Economic Commission for Europe, the World Health Organization, the International Labor Office, the World Meteorological Organization, the International Telecommunication Union, and the International Committee for European Migration.

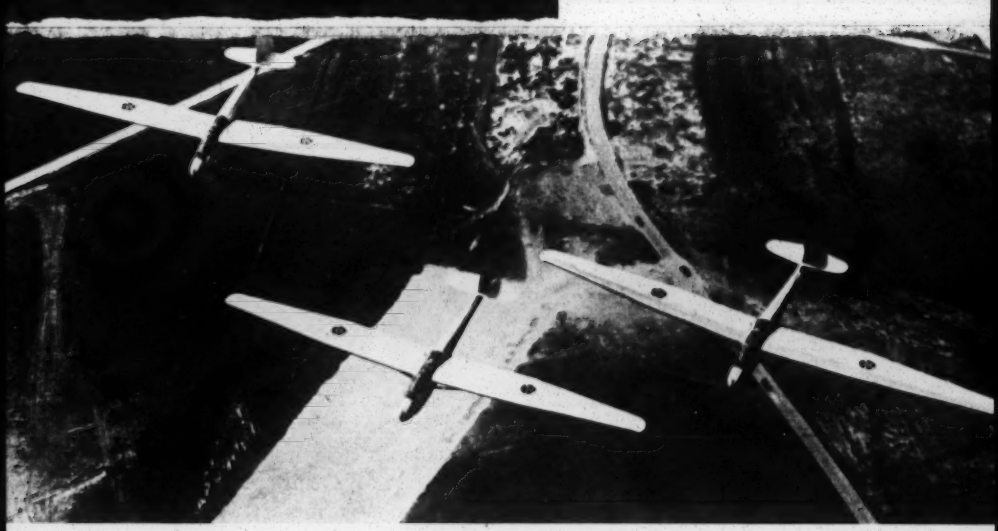
So frequently has the city been a conference center that the term "Geneva Convention"—rules for international conduct—is as familiar around the world as "Swiss watch," an important Geneva product.

Geneva visitors delight at the thousands of watches that gleam in shop windows. One company keeps a case history of every watch it has made. Each timepiece is assembled, then taken apart and reassembled three times before being oiled.

Such painstaking atten-

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER WILLARD R. CULVER

GENEVA'S MOST-USED BRIDGE Spans the Outlet of Lac Léman (Lake of Geneva) Where It Becomes the Rhône River and Flows into Near-by France to the West



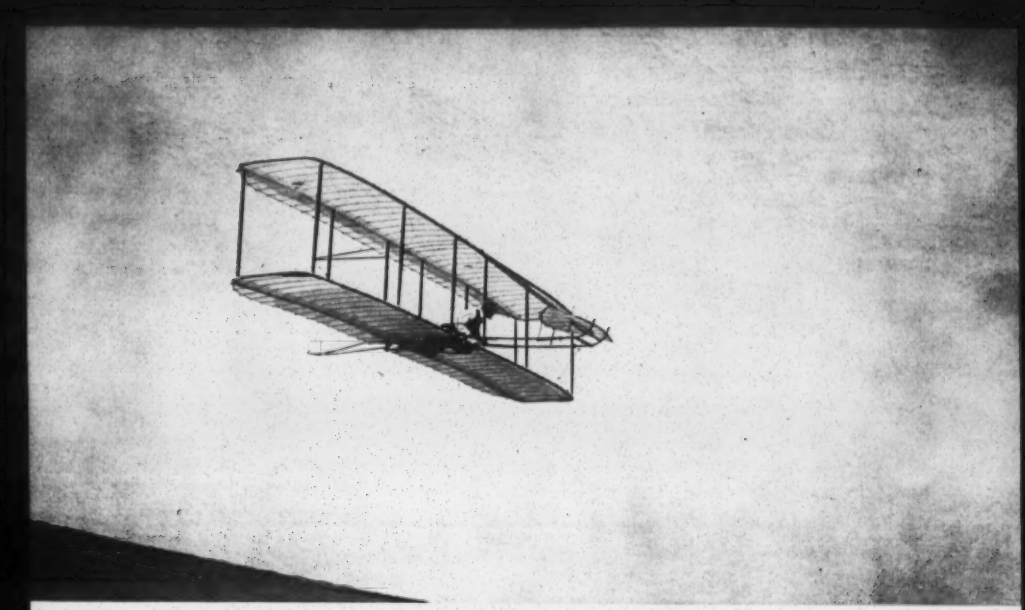
WIDE WORLD

Soaring pilots look for thermals (bubbles of warm air) over city streets, sunny meadows, under puffy cumulus clouds. They watch buzzards congregating and glide over to mingle with the flock, knowing that often rising air, not carrion, draws the big, lazy birds.

Nosing downward, the sailplane circles inside the thermal. It is gliding all the time, but the air through which it glides is rising, taking the plane with it. It's as though you flew a paper dart inside a rising elevator. The dart would glide downward, but it would end up at the second floor, just the same.

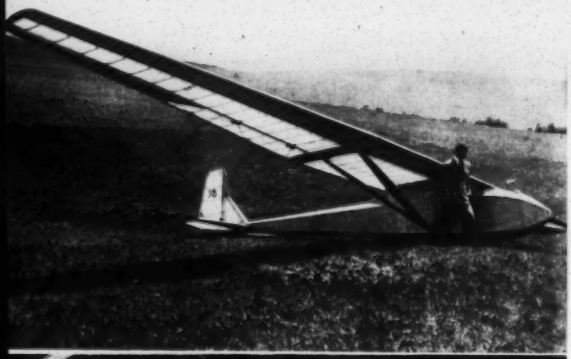
Wind striking a hill rises and carries sailplanes upward. Among California's Sierra Nevada mountains, this slope wind sometimes develops a massive invisible wave of air on which sailplanes have ridden to nearly 45,000 feet—the limits of human safety. Specially built sailplanes are still experimenting with the Sierra Wave (below), on the theory that they may explore current 60,000 to 70,000 feet high—without an engine.

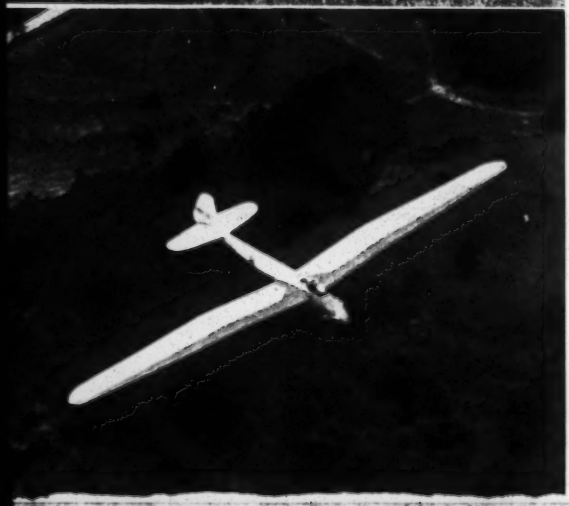
SYMONS FLYING SERVICE



FROM LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Wings on the Wind





Look carefully at the Wright airplane in the old, flood-damaged photo above. It carries a man, but no engine. The famed brothers tested this glider in 1902, a year before they made history's first powered flight.

Aviation's pioneers—Lilienthal, Langley, Chanute—used gliders to learn flight problems. Then, as powered flight came into its own, gliding was forgotten until Germany, denied power-driven aircraft by treaty, rediscovered the older art in the 1920's. Germans soon learned there was more to powerless flight than just coasting downhill through air. In light, streamlined gliders, called sailplanes (left), pilots found they could ride on rising currents of air, as a circling hawk soars.

The sport of soaring reached America in the late 1920's, centering mostly at Elmira, New York. World War II boosted soaring by training thousands of pilots to fly military gliders. Some glider training in graceful sailplanes (below) planted the seed of enthusiasm.

The sailboats of flying, sailplanes depend on rising air masses just as a sloop demands a fresh breeze.

(UPPER LEFT) ALEX STOCKER
(LEFT) HANS GROENHOFF

Speedily the newcomers were assigned to quarters, to companies, measured for uniforms, outfitted temporarily with ready-mades, and brought up sharply by cold, peremptory commands from impersonal upperclassmen: "Get those shoulders back! Chin in! Pull in that stomach!" After a few minutes of this "bracing," John realized that as plebes, or first-year cadets, they were practically the lowest-ranking creatures in existence except, of course, "Admirals in the Navy."

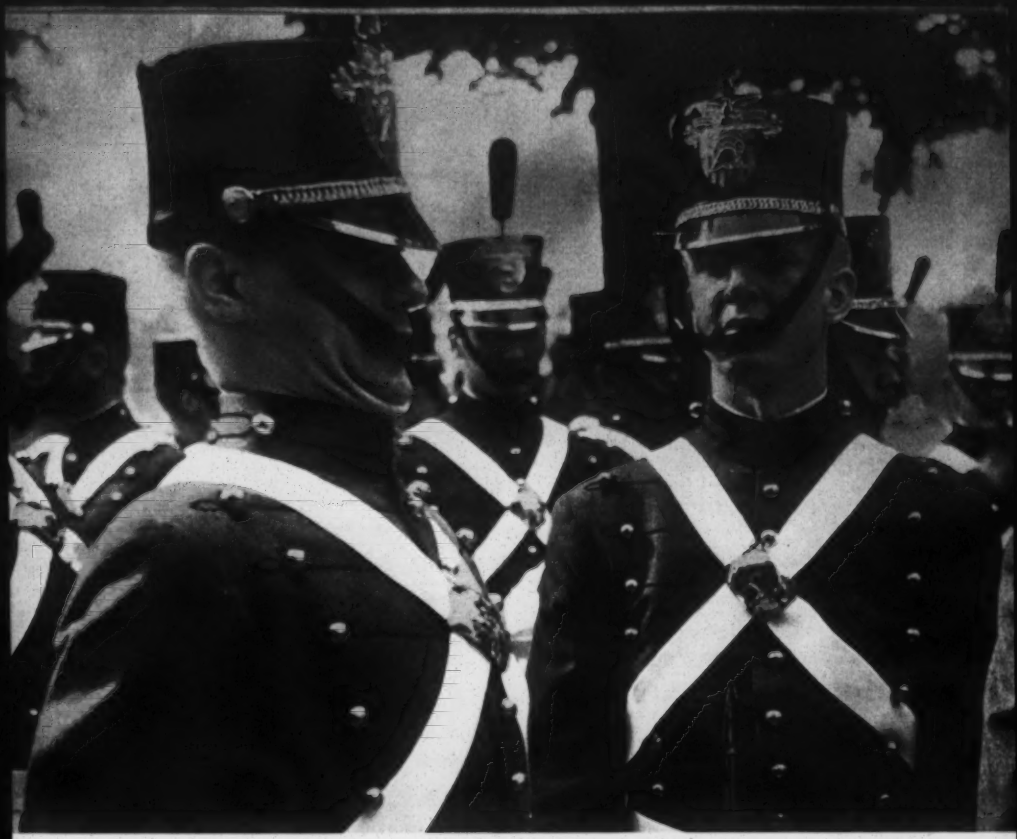
But John still was proud that he had received an appointment to West Point from his Representative. Nominations also come from Senators, the Vice President, and, in the case of regular servicemen's sons, the President. John was surprised at first to find a sprinkling of foreigners in his class, then remembered that law allows a few Canadians, Filipinos, and Latin Americans to enter The Point each year. Men from other nations can be admitted if Congress so authorizes.

Thus John began the hardest and perhaps most gratifying year in his young life. At its end he could look back with amusement at his early overconfidence. It had been tough sledding, but thorough and fair. The Academy's small classes (seldom more than 15) require every man to recite on every subject every day, answering the probing questions of professors who know their students too well for comfort. Having lived through classes, field problems, and the stress of physical training, John felt a new true confidence that he could begin to cope with military demands and command men.

HOWELL WALKER, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF

John soon learned West Point's pre-Academy history. As a Revolutionary War fort, it guarded the vital Hudson. A 186-ton iron chain, stretched across the river, barred passage of British warships. One section of it is enshrined on the campus today. Benedict Arnold, commander of the fort in 1780, plotted West Point's delivery to the British—his first act of treason. On March 16, 1802, Congress instituted a Corps of Engineers—five officers and 10 cadets—the start of a Military Academy at West Point. The school formally opened on July 4 of that year, surged to life with threat of war in

CADETS WORK OUT A PROBLEM AT FORT PUTNAM—From Here, West Point's Guns Commanded the Hudson River in 1779. Cadet Chapel Rises at Left



NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER B. ANTHONY STEWART

"HIT A BRACE, MISTER!"—As Though He Had Swallowed a Ramrod, This Plebe Obeys Upperclassman's Command by Snapping to Exaggerated Position of Attention

Service Academies—No. 1

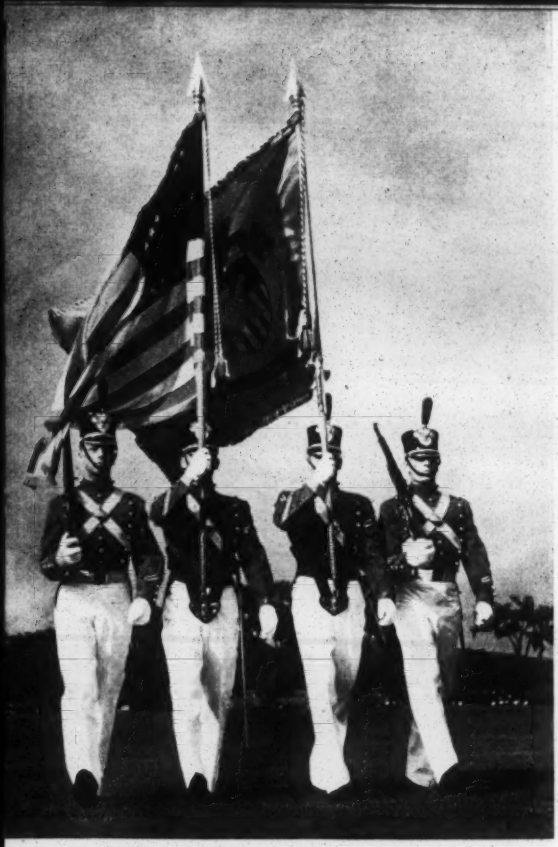
West Point = Duty, Honor, Country

A new series presents United States Service Academies in the order of their founding

John swung off the train at West Point with a hopeful group of young men. During the 50-mile trip up the Hudson valley from New York they had discussed the strange new life facing them. One was worried about studies, another about physical training, another feared the "72-hour weekly grind" he'd heard about. "They get you up at 5:50 and send you to bed at 10:15." John remembered his high marks at school, his football letter—and felt confident.

Lining up raggedly before a waiting officer, they marched uphill toward their new home. They would know it well for four years. The hot July sun added weight to their suitcases by the time the stone sally port of the United States Military Academy loomed before them.

Wearily they tramped into a bare courtyard formed by three gray barracks, roofs lined with battlements, and an academic building. Overlooking the austere quadrangle from higher on the hillside stands the cadet chapel, its square Gothic tower dominating "The Plains of West Point" and the broad Hudson River below.



NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER B. ANTHONY STEWART

SPINES TINGLE AS COLORS SWEEP PAST—Bearers Must Be of Outstanding Military Ability—Also Strong, to Hold the Colors Erect in Wind

1812, now has an authorized strength of 2,496, with some 750 vacancies appearing each year.

The roster of past graduates reads like the pages of military history. President Eisenhower and General Omar Bradley were 1915 classmates. MacArthur, "Hap" Arnold, Pershing underwent the rigorous training. Robert E. Lee stood second in his class, U. S. Grant was in the middle of his. George B. McClellan, a Union general-to-be, had a classmate named Jackson who some years later earned the nickname "Stonewall" as he led his Confederate brigade at Bull Run. James McNeil Whistler flunked out in 1855 and found lasting fame as an artist. "Had silicon been a gas," he once explained, "I would have been a major general."

George A. Custer, more interested in mischief than study, graduated last in his class—"the goat," as cadets say. He picked up his commission just in time to reach Bull Run on the morning of the battle, and became, two years later, a brevet brigadier general at the age of 24. Later, at his "last stand," Indians cut him down at Little Big Horn.

All this tradition John absorbed during plebe year. Then, on a June day, his parents and best girl watching, he paraded crisply across the Academy's broad Plain with the men of his battalion and the five other battalions that make up the Corps of Cadets. Starched white trouser legs flashed in precision to the crash and beat of the band. The review ended, John and his classmates were met by upperclassmen, no longer grimly impersonal but warmly congratulating them for having survived.

This was "Recognition," an end to the bracing, the utter inferiority. John will cherish the memory along with that other Academy high point when, in the Field House, he gets his diploma and heaves his cadet cap into the air. The cap will be no good to him then, for he will have earned the headgear worn by a Second Lieutenant of the United States Army.

National Geographic References:

Magazine—May, 1952, "The Making of a West Pointer," (75¢)
Separate Color Sheets—17 pictures on West Point (send for price list)